

The Independent.

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Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanics, Arts, News, and General Literature.

Editor and Proprietor.

VOLUME VI, NUMBER 19.

OSKALOOSA, KANSAS, DECEMBER 30, 1865.

WHOLE NUMBER 278.

Original Poetry.

For the Independent.
HUMAN LOVE.

BY ORNA.
Fellow-travelers on the highway
Leading to the home above,
If on earth you would be happy,
Ever cherish human love.

Fame's high court may be alluring,
But no garland fane can weave
Has power to soothe the aching head
Like the touch of human love.

Pleasure, wealth, and pride may call us,
In their gilded bowers to rove;
But in virtue's humble pathways,
Bloom the sweetest flowers of love.

'Tis not when blest with health and gladness
That life's precious worth we prove;
But in homes of pain and sadness,
Blissings flow from human love.

Brothers, sisters, with me passing
From this home to one above,
If on earth we would be happy,
We must cherish human love.

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though his patience He stands waiting,
With exactness He will.

From the German.

Selected Sketch.

THE COINERS.

FROM THE DIARY OF A DETECTIVE.

During the year of 1847 the West was flooded with a counterfeit coin. It was so well manufactured that it passed readily. The evil at last became so great that the United States authorities requested that a skillful detective might be sent to ferret out the nest of coiners. I was fixed upon to perform that duty. I had nothing to guide me. The fact, however, that Chicago was the city where the counterfeit coin was most abundant, led me to suspect that the manufactory was somewhere within its limits. It was, therefore, to the capital of the West that I proceeded. I spent five weeks in the city without gaining the slightest clue to the counterfeiters. I began to grow discouraged, and really thought I should be obliged to return home without having achieved any result. One day I received a letter from my wife requesting me to send some money, as she was out of funds. I went to the bank and asked for a draft, at the same time handing a sum of money to pay for it, in which there were several half dollars. The clerk pushed three of them back to me, saying, "Counterfeit."

"What!" said I, "you do not mean to tell me those half dollars are counterfeit?"

"I do."

"Are you certain?"

"Perfectly certain. They are remarkably executed, but deficient in weight. See for yourself."

And he placed one in the balance against a genuine half dollar, and the latter brought up the former.

"This is the best counterfeit coin I ever saw in my life," I exclaimed, examining them closely. "Is all the counterfeit money in circulation here of the same character as this?"

"O, dear, no," the clerk replied, "it is not nearly so well done. These are the work of the famous New York counterfeiter, Ned Willett. I know them well, for I have handled a great many in my time. Here is some of the money that is circulating here," he added, taking half dollars from a drawer. "You see that the milling is not so well done as Ned Willett's, although this is pretty good too."

I compared the two and found that he was right. I supplied the place of the three counterfeits with good coin, and returned the former to my pocket. A few days after this I received information which caused me to take a journey to a small village about thirty miles from Chicago. I arrived there at night and took up my quarters at the worst tavern in the place. It was a wretched dwelling, and kept by an old man and woman, the earliest couple, I think, it has ever been my lot to meet. In answer as to whether I could have a lodging there that night, I noticed the host gave a particular look at his wife, and after some whispering, I was informed that I could have a bed.

I have frequently in the course of my life been obliged to put up with wretched accommodations, so I did not allow

my equanimity of temper to be destroyed by the miserable sleeping apartments into which I was ushered after I had finished my repast.

The chamber was of small size, and certainly well ventilated, for I could see the stars through the roof. The bed was simply a bag of straw thrown into one corner of the room, without sheet or covering of any kind. This last fact, however, was not of much consequence, as it was Summer and oppressively hot.

I stood for more than an hour gazing out of the opening which served for a window. Before me was an immense prairie, the limits of which I could not see. The tavern in which I had taken up my abode appeared to be isolated from all other dwellings, and save the croak of the tree-toad and the hum of the locust, not a sound reached my ear. It was a beautiful moonlight night, so bright that I could see to read the smallest print.

At last I began to grow weary, and throwing myself on my pallet I was soon plunged in deep slumber. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by a dull sound, which resembled some one hammering in the distance. I suppose it was the peculiarity of the sound which awoke me, for it was by no means loud, but conveyed to me the idea of some one striking iron with a muffled hammer. I rose from my bed and went to the window. The moon was now in the western horizon, by which fact I knew that it must be near morning. The sound I have before referred to reached me more distinctly than when in the back part of the chamber. It appeared to come from some outhouses which were situated a hundred yards from the house.

Now I am naturally of an inquiring mind, and this sound, occurring as it did in the middle of the night, piqued my curiosity, and I felt an irresistible desire to go out and discover the cause of it. This desire, as the sound continued, grew upon me with such intensity that I resolved to gratify it at any price.

I put on my boots, the only article of attire I had discarded, and cautiously opened the door of my chamber and noiselessly descended the rickety staircase. A few steps brought me into the lower apartment, which I found entirely deserted. I crept quietly to the window, and unfastening it without making the slightest noise, was soon in the moonlight.

Not a soul was visible, but the sound I have mentioned grew much more distinct as I approached the place from whence it proceeded. At last I found myself before a long, low building, thro' the crevices of which I could perceive a lurid glare issuing. I stooped down and peeped through the key-hole, and to my extreme surprise I saw half a dozen men, with their coats off and sleeves up, performing a variety of strange occupations. Some were working at a forge, others were superintending the casting of molds, and some were engaged in the process of mining coin. In a moment the whole truth burst upon me. Here was the gang of counterfeiters I was in search of, and the landlord and his wife evidently belonged to the same band, for in one corner I perceived them employed, the man polishing off some half-dollar pieces, and the woman was packing the finished coin into rolls.

I had seen enough and was about to return to my apartment, when I suddenly felt a heavy hand placed on my shoulder, and turning my head around, to my horror found myself in the grasp of an ill-looking scoundrel as ever escaped the gallows.

"What are you doing here, my good fellow?" he exclaimed, giving me a shake.

"Taking a stroll by moonlight," I replied, endeavoring to retain my composure.

"Well, perhaps you will just take a stroll inside, will you?" returned the ruffian, pushing open the door and dragging me in after him.

All the inmates of the barn immediately stopped work and rushed toward us when they saw me.

"Why, what's all this?" they exclaimed.

"A loafer I found peepin' outside," said my captor.

"He's a traveler that came to the tavern last night and asked for lodging; the last I saw of him he was safe in bed," said the landlord.

The men withdrew to a corner of the apartment, leaving one to keep guard over me. I soon saw they were in earnest consultation, and were evidently debating some important question. The man keeping guard over me said nothing, but scowled fiercely. I had not said a single word during all the time I had been in the barn. I was aware that whatever I might say would, in all probability, do more harm than good, and it has always been a maxim of mine to hold my tongue when in doubt. At last the discussion seemed to be ended, for the blackest of the whole came forward, and without any introduction, exclaimed—

"I say, stranger, look here, you must die!"

I did not move a muscle or utter a word.

"You have found out our secret, and dead men tell no tales."

I was silent.

"We will give you ten minutes to say your prayers, and also allow you the privilege of being shot or hung."

Suddenly an idea struck me. I remembered "something that might save my life. I burst into a violent fit of laughter, in fact it was hysterical, but they did not know it. They looked at one another in amazement.

"Well, he takes it mighty cool, any how," said one.

"Suppose he don't think we are in earnest," said another.

"Come, stranger, you had better say your prayers," said the man who had first spoken, "time flies."

My only reply was a fit of laughter more violent than the first.

"The man's mad," they exclaimed.

"Or drunk," said some.

"Well, boys," cried I, speaking for the first time, "this is the best joke I have ever seen. What, hang a pal?"

"I ain't nothin' else," was my elegant rejoinder.

"What is your name?"

"Did you ever hear of Ned Willett?"

I replied.

"You may be certain of that. Ain't he the head of our profession?"

"Well, then, I'm Ned."

"You Ned Willett?" they all exclaimed.

"You may bet your life on that," I returned, swaggering up to the corner where I had seen the old woman counting and packing the counterfeit half dollars.

Fortune favored me. None of the men present had ever seen Ned Willett, although his reputation was well known to them, and my swaggering, insolent manner had somewhat thrown them off their guard, yet I could plainly see that their doubts were not all removed.

"And you call these things well done, do you?" I asked, taking up the roll of money. "Well, all I have to say is, that if you can't do better than this, you had better shut up shop, that's all."

"Can you show us any better?" asked one of the men.

"I rather think I can. If I could n't I'd hang myself."

"Let's see it," they all cried.

This was my last coup, and one on which my life depended.

"Look here, gentlemen," I exclaimed, taking one of the counterfeit half dollars that had been rejected at the bank, "here is my last job, what do you think of it?"

It was handed hand-to-hand, some saying it was no counterfeit at all, and some saying it was.

"How will you prove it is a counterfeit?" asked one.

"By weighing it with a genuine one," I replied.

This plan was immediately adopted and its character proved.

"Perhaps he got this by accident," I heard a man whisper to another.

"Try these," I said, taking the other two out of my pocket.

All their doubts now vanished.

"Beautiful," exclaimed some. "Very splendid," said others.

When they had examined them to their satisfaction they cordially took me by the hand, every particle of doubt having vanished from their minds. I carried on my part well. Some questions were occasionally asked me involving some technicalities of the business; these, however, I avoided, by stating that I was on a journey, and would rather take a glass of whisky than answer questions. The whisky was pro-

duced and we made a night of it. It was not till morning dawned that we separated.

The next day I returned to Chicago and brought down the necessary assistance, and captured the whole gang of counterfeiters in the very act. The den was broken up forever, and most of them were condemned to serve a term in the State Prison.

I have those half dollars still in my possession, and never intend to part with them, for they were certainly the means of saving my life.

Miscellaneous.

DANIEL BRYAN'S OATH.

Daniel Bryan had been a lawyer of eminence, but had fallen thro' intoxication to beggary and a dying condition. Bryan had married, in better days, the sister of Moses Felton. At length all hopes were given up. Week after week would the fallen man lie drunk on the floor, and not a day of real sobriety marked his course. I doubt if such another case was known. He was too low for conviviality; for those with whom he would have associated would not drink with him. All alone in his office and chamber, he still continued to drink, and even his very life seemed the offspring of his jug.

In early spring Moses Felton had a call to go to Ohio. Before he set out he visited his sister, and offered to take her with him, but she would not go. "But why stay here?" he urged. "You are fading away and disease is upon you. Why do you live with such a brute?"

"Hush, Moses, speak not," answered the wife, keeping back her tears. "I will not leave him now, but he will soon leave me. He cannot live much longer."

At that moment Daniel entered the apartment. He looked like a wanderer from the tomb. He had his hat in his hand. "Ah, Moses, speak plainly."

The visitor looked at him for a few moments in silence; then his features assumed a cold and stern expression, he said in a strongly-emphasized tone:

"Daniel Bryan, I have been your best friend but one. My sister is an angel, though she is matched with a demon, I have loved you, Daniel, as I never loved man before; you are generous, noble and kind; but I hate you now, for you are a devil incarnate. Look at that woman, she is my sister. She might now live with me in comfort, only she will not do it while you are alive; when you die she will come to me. I pray that God will soon give her joys to my keeping. Now, Daniel, I do sincerely hope the first intelligence that reaches me from my native place after arriving at my new home, may be that you are dead."

"Stop, Moses, I can reform yet."

"You cannot; it is beyond your power. You have had inducements enough to reform half the sinners of creation, and you are lower than ever before. Go and die, sir, as soon as you can, for the moment that sees you thus, shall not find me among the mourners."

Bryan's eyes flashed, and he drew himself proudly up, as he said in his old tone of sarcasm:

"Go to Ohio, and I'll send you news. Go, sir, and watch the post; I will yet make you take back your words."

"Never, Daniel Bryan, never."

"You shall! I swear it!"

With these words Daniel Bryan hurried his jug into the fireplace, and while yet a thousand fragments were flying over the floor, he strode from the house.

Mary sank fainting on the floor. Moses bore her to the bed, and having called in a neighbor, he hurried away, for the stage was waiting.

For a month Daniel hovered over the brink of the grave, but he did not die. "One gill of brandy will save you," said the doctor, who saw that the abrupt removal of the stimulants from a system that for long years had almost subsisted on nothing else, was nearly sure to prove fatal. "You can surely take a gill and not take any more."

"Ay," gasped the poor man, "take a gill and brake my oath." Moses Felton shall never hear that brandy and rum killed me! But I won't die; I'll live till Moses Felton shall eat his words."

He did live. An iron will conquered. For a month he could not walk without help. But he had help—joyful help, Mary helped him.

A year passed away, and Moses Felton returned to Vermont. He entered the court house at Burlington, and Daniel Bryan was on the floor pleading for a young man who had been indicted for forgery. Felton started with surprise. Never before had such torrents of eloquence poured from his lips. The case was given to the jury, and the youth was acquitted. The successful counsel turned from the court room and met Moses Felton. They shook hands but did not speak. When they reached a spot where none others could hear them, Bryan stopped, and said:

"Moses, do you remember the words you spoke to me a year ago?"

"I do, Daniel."

"Will you now take them back—unsay them now and forever?"

"Yes, with all my heart."

"Then I am, in part, repaid."

"And what must be the remainder of the payment?" asked Moses.

"I must die an upright, honest, unperjured man. The oath that has bound me thus far was made for life."

That evening Mary Bryan was among the happiest of the happy.

An Ingenious Boot-Black.

The street boot-blacks are one of the 'institutions' of New York, as well as some other large cities. You see them on the sidewalks, in and around the hotels, and frequently on the ferry-boats. They carry a box containing their 'kit of implements,' the brushes, blacking-boxes, etc. This is suspended by a strap over the shoulders, and when a customer nods assent to their generally polite invitation, "Black yer boots?" or "Shine up, sir?" they quickly set down their box for your feet to rest on, drop upon their knees on the pavement, and work as rapidly as possible, so as not to detain their patrons. They first turn up the pants, to keep them from being soiled, then with one brush they clean the boots, with another applying the blacking, and with two others, one in each hand, polish away.

They return a "thank ye" for the half-dime, or dime, given them for their labor. These boys are generally so polite and so industrious that we rather like them, and sometimes take a "shine up" just to see them work, and to chat with the smart little fellows. Here is a case illustrating their ingenuity:

A well-dressed man standing at a hotel door, not long since, was hailed by one of them with the usual question:

"Shine up, sir?"

"What do you charge for blacking boots?" asked the man, who was somewhat noted for stinginess.

"Five cents," was the reply.

"Too much, too much! I'll give you three cents," said the man.

As he went with him, and man, and very soon had one boot shining like a mirror; but instead of commencing on the other, he began to pack up his brushes.

"You haven't finished!" exclaimed the man.

"Never mind," replied the boot-black, with a twinkle of his eye, "I won't charge you for anything I've done; there comes a customer who pays."

The man glanced at the shining boot, and then at the other, which was rusty and bespattered with mud, thought of the ridiculous figure he would make with one polished boot, and amid the laughter of the bystanders agreed to give the sharp boy ten cents to finish the job, which he did in double-quick time and with great pleasure.

MEMORY IN A BIRD.—Last winter, during the frost that succeeded the new year, a little robin red-breast regularly attended the quarrymen who raised stones for Langside lime kilns. When they were eating their dinner piece, and picked up the crumbs that happened to fall from them. It soon became so tame as to pick from the hand. This it continued to do till the nesting season, when it went off, and no more was seen of it till about a month ago, when, as one of the men happened to be mending a gate near the quarry, little red-breast lighted on a piece of wood he had in his hand, and turning up its eye confidently, showed unmistakably that it knew its old friend. The man produced some crumbs from his pocket, a motion red-breast appeared to understand by hopping on to his hand and picking them. Since then it may be seen daily taking food from the hand at a distance near the quarry, another and a stronger one, having taken possession of the quarry, and showing his fight to its tame brother whenever he attempts to come near. It is this no-merry, it is something very like it.—*Am. Advertiser.*

LUTHER AND HIS DYING CHILD.—He approached the bed, and said to her, "My little daughter, my beloved Margaret, you would willingly remain with your earthly parents; but if God calls you, you will also go to your Heavenly Father." She replied, "Yes, dear father; it is as God pleases."

"Dear little girl," he exclaimed, "O how I love her! the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." He then took the Bible and read to her the passage, "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise." Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."

He then said, "My daughter, enter thou into thy resting-place in peace."

She turned her eyes toward him and said, with touching simplicity, "Yes, father."

A young lady was heard to declare that she could not go to fight for the country, but she was willing to allow the men to go and die an old maid, which she thought was as great a sacrifice as anybody could be called upon to make.

The Choice of Martinus.

Long years ago, in the early times of the Christian Church, a Christian soldier named Martinus served in the Roman army. This was no uncommon circumstance then, for it was not a time of violent persecution; and as the faithful servants of Jesus were doubtless found also the most faithful to an earthly master, the laws against them were not much regarded.

Martinus was young, of a good and wealthy family, and much respected in his profession. The office of centurion becoming vacant, he was chosen as a suitable person to hold it. But another soldier, of a jealous and ambitious disposition, came forward and declared that Martinus, being a Christian, was legally unfit for the post; and that he himself, being next in rank, ought to be preferred.

Martinus, being questioned, at once confessed his religion. But the Governor, knowing the terrible consequences which must follow if the point were to be seriously taken up, said he might have three hours for consideration, after which the question would be repeated.

Theodore, Bishop of Caesarea, heard what was going on. He came to the tribunal, and taking the arm of Martinus, led him into the nearest church.

Then, taking a soldier's sword, he laid it down beside a New Testament. "And now," he said, "choose my son, between these two."

Martinus did not hesitate; he laid hold at once of the Word of God.

"You have done well, my son," said the faithful pastor. Hold fast by him whom you have chosen, and you shall soon enjoy him forever. He will strengthen you for all that remains, and you shall depart in peace."

The remaining time was spent, we may believe, in earnest prayer and exhortation. When the three hours were past, he was again summoned to the bar. He boldly confessed his faith in Christ, was condemned and beheaded. His name will ever be remembered with honor as one of "the noble army of martyrs" who sealed their testimony with their blood.

For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

Dear young readers, thank God that you live not in days like those of Martinus, and that such a choice as his is not likely literally to be set before you. But his spirit must be yours, if you would be found among those faithful souls whom the Lord Jesus shall confess before men and angels as his own, at the judgment-day. To you, to every one who hears the Gospel message, that solemn word is addressed, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." And in the history of each one who lives long on earth, there are particular times when a decision must be made—when the claims of the two masters—Christ and the world—become fairly opposed, and one or the other must be openly preferred. Of seek grace beforehand to enable you in that hour not to hesitate. Pray for such faith in Jesus, such love to him, as will make you willing to part with any thing, or to suffer any thing at his command.—*English Children's Paper.*

Rules for Winter.

Never go to bed with cold, damp feet. In going into a colder air, keep the mouth resolutely closed, that by compelling the air to pass circuitously thro' the nose and head, it may become warmed before it reaches the lungs, and thus prevent those shocks and sudden chills which frequently end in pleurisy, pneumonia, and other serious forms of disease.

Never sleep with the head in the draft of an open door or window.

Let more cover be on the lower limbs than on the body. Have an extra covering within easy reach in case of a sudden and great change of weather during the night.

Never stand still a moment out of doors, especially at street corners, after having walked even a short distance.

Never ride near the open window of a vehicle for a single half minute, especially if it has been preceded by a walk; valuable lives have thus been lost, or good health permanently destroyed.

Never put on a new boot or shoe in beginning a journey.

Never wear India rubber in cold, dry weather.

If compelled to face a bitter cold wind, throw a silk handkerchief over the face; its agency is wonderful in modifying the cold.

Those who are easily chilled on going out of doors should have some cotton batting attached to the vest or other garment, as a protection to the space between the shoulder blades behind the lungs being attached to the body at that point; a little there is worth five times the amount over the chest in front.

Never sit for more than five minutes at a time with the back against the fire or stove.

Avoid sitting against cushions in the backs of pews in churches; if the uncovered board feels cold, sit erect without touching it.

Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten.

Trifles.

There is an entertaining work, with which we have all been familiar in our younger days, wherein a certain tutor expatiates to his pupils on the value of eyes. "Eyes and No Eyes," the story is called, and it is in the volume "Sunford and Merton." The substance of the matter is that one youth—No Eyes—goes gaping about the world, and sees nothing but that which he stumbles over, while the other—Eyes—finds something novel, something pleasing and useful, on every hand.

The world of mechanics, of science, of art, is full of trifles, or matters that seem to be, yet few take note of them. Wise above many is he who does.

We read, in a recent exchange, that "Tower's patent pin is being manufactured in large quantities, and is highly popular." "What is a patent pin?" asks No Eyes; "a pin is a pin, if it has a point, but what is their patentable about that?" By the law, a thing that has been in common use for years can not be protected! That is true; but, as it happens, Mr. Towers did not patent the pin.

What then? Two little nicks in it near the point. "And what's the use of two little nicks near the point, I should like to know?" queries No Eyes.

Simply to prevent it from being drawn out by accident, so that it holds better, does its work more efficiently—in a word, it is improved a hundred-fold; and Mr. Towers will very likely reap a handsome reward for his idea. Thus, "No Eyes" is silenced, and walks away with his hand on his head and new ideas in his head. He begins to think that, if there is commercial value in two nicks near a pin's point, there must be other wrinkles worth discovering, and he is the man to find them.

Most frequently we are called upon to notice the organization of new companies to work patents on what are sometimes called trifles. They are trifles; but they exercise a most important influence on the world's comfort and economy; otherwise capitalists would not touch them.

There is a bobbin to hold the first end of the yarn; a little matter to make an indentation in the rim of a tobacco box, to serve as a catch; yet each and all of these trifles, we are told, return their lucky owners handsome revenues. In making out nails a great difficulty has been to feed the sheet to the shears properly, so as to cut the metal without waste, and many complicated devices have been invented for the purpose.

Recently some wide-awake person discovered that, by cutting the nails with a punch, and skipping one at every stroke the sheet might be fed straight through, saving an immense amount of labor, this has been lately patented.

All these inventions are simply the practical illustration of the moral conveyed in the story mentioned at the head of this article. It is "Eyes and No Eyes" over again. Men without means go through the world crying out against their fellows for being rich when they are poor, and declaring that wealth is unequally divided, when some comrades, equally poor in point of worldly goods, but with intelligence, energy, perseverance, and determination to succeed, put forth his hand and seize a prize.

In this country there are abundant sources of wealth for those who wish it, but without eyes how can we see—without the will to succeed how can we hope to?

Some men, having burned their fingers with a patent, shake their heads, saying, "Catch me in that business again!" This is as if a shipwrecked sailor should forever swear the main because of misfortune. Perpetual motion people, water-wheels that pump their own water, windmills that manufacture their own wind—because these are worthless—are all and sundry machines, akin to them; but good inventions, which serve some purpose, even if it be only to cut a slice of bread straight, are valuable. "He who runs may read," says the proverb; but he who keeps his eyes open will see many things.—*Scientific American.*

AN ERROR ON THE TRAVELER.—We returned home on Thursday, says an editor, after a trip of six hundred miles in about three and a half days, having in that time passed over four States, nine railroads, four rivers and a barometer.

Any person who has done more in that time, will please forward his address, and the small balance he owes us.

SCORFING.—To a young infidel who scoffed at Christianity on account of the misconduct of some of its professors, Dr. Mason said: "Did you ever know an uproar made because an infidel went astray from the path of morality? The infidel admitted he had not. Then," said the Doctor, "you admit that Christianity is a holy religion; by expecting its professors to be holy; and thus, by your very scoffings, you pay the highest complement in your power!"

It is not what he makes, but what he saves that makes a man rich.